To-day and To-morrow

It is impossible not to stand in amazement before the marvel of it. Our presses turn out books by the hundred, our playwrights produce plays by the score which picture the South Sea islands as romantic places of unspoiled beauty, of matchless loving women, of unsophisticated living —veritable Edens. The public like it, they say. And yet ' the public' have ruined these Edens of which they dream, and are ruining them every day. One is forced to feel that while we have souls that can admire, we have hands which can do nothing but destroy and feet that can only befoul. Walking in the soft Pacific breeze on the lovely lonely beaches by the swaying singing palms, it is possible almost to wish that the modern Atlantis may be utterly destroyed in the next war and leave us to our peace and to what is left of our dreams.